

The Vision Of Word Power

All the words have been written down.
If you don't know what I mean
stay where you are, don't move.
The words won't run away. To see them
is to face them. Be prepared
for temptation. Your body may shrivel,
the mind will disappear, but the part
which is you will hear me. If
you don't already know, you will find out
that you have been reared in chaos.
You have grown used to pointless labor
and the bite of your fellow man.
Your lives swirl in the eddy
that betokens nothing. You have love,
money and mindless leisure
but these are lost in a moment.
Your whole life is a hope
that something good will stay
and you arrange yourselves accordingly.
But this can't work. Good
does not listen to entreaty. It doesn't know
from money or calculated pleasure.
It has nothing to do with romance
or becoming famous. It fastens itself
to a single atom which I extend to you
right now. It's the hand of peace,
the vapor which we breathe. It cuts
thru the stories and the lives
that we live. It's the other side
of this side. It's what you can't imagine,
the only hope, a house full of words
and no one to speak them.

It's Time To Fight

Men are understandably lazy.
They have nowhere to go. Or
they're energetic, developing
long ears and bony fingers. If
they put those fingers in their ears
you've satisfied them, made
their whole life worthwhile. Before
you know it, they're asking
for privilege, and insisting
on what's fair.

Our enemies have refused
to bargain. We have been given
no choice. If we lay down our arms
we may never see them again. Honor
dictates a quick solution. For these reasons
we have decided to fight the last fight.

Where mystery ends, forgetfulness begins.
Give up your search. You don't know
what you're looking for. No,
don't listen to me, keep looking,
who knows what you'll find. On the other side
of this province lies an oceanic playground.
Take it or leave it. But be serious.

-- richard snyder

Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Epigrams

I

The difference between
childhood & maturity
is the love of money
& the fear of death.

II

The thrill of
not being pregnant
is comparable only
to the thrill of
not being killed
in mortal combat.

III

While I am typing
don't look too close
over my shoulder
these poems
are my maidenhead
you are parting the hair

Arthur

He never sold
his paintings
even though
they're pretty good
I asked why not?
He said
I like to see them
If I sell one it's gone
You're lucky that way
being a poet
You can sell and keep too
Well I
never thought of it
that way
but it's a pretty
consoling thought
if I sell one.

-- Gail White

New Orleans, LA